Mommy's Little Leek

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Hatsune Miku is a sweet, kind woman who adores her fans, and people in general...It is this adoration for the human race that leads her to adopt a little boy. This little boy is her little leek, and she'll do anything and everything to keep him safe, happy and loved.

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Chapter 1

Harry Potter sat quietly in the back of his uncle's blue car. His cousin was currently eating a large meal from a fast food restaraunt, and he had nothing.

"Japan's such a lovely country." Petunia said chipperly.

"Indeed it is, dear!" Vernon agreed. "I'm just sick of seeing that bloody pop star's face wherever we go." He scowled at a poster advertising a Hatsune Miku concert.

Petunia nodded, "I know! And that hair! I just hope our little diddykins never has to deal with someone like that."

Dudley giggled at his mother's attention and ate some fries. Suddenly, one of his fries fell from the large carton he was holding and on Harry's leg. Dudley blinked, then gave Harry an evil glance. "Daaaad! The freak's stealing my fries!" Dudley whined. Harry's eyes widened in horror and despair. He knew what was next...

Vernon glared at Harry wickedly. "Petunia dear. How far until we reach the hotel?"

"We'll be there very shortly, dear." Petunia replied. Harry whimpered. He was going to die one of these days, and nobody would ever care or even notice... The beatings hurt so much...Vernon always had something creative in mind to beat him with...Belt buckles, boards with rusted nails poking out, whips...He sometimes had to drink chemicals...He would be held in the bathtub, full of scalding hot water, to the point where he would pass out from lack of oxygen... He found himself burned on the stove very frequently...More often than not, the punishments would end with him passing out from sheer agony.

They pulled into the parking lot and got out, Vernon half dragging half carrying him. Along the way, he could be heard delivering threats to Harry. "I bought a new boken today. Let's see if it is as strong as the rumors say..."

As they entered the elevator, they passed a certain teal haired musician.

Vernon noticed her, and his eyes widened. "Bloody hell, it's her!?" He whispered to his wife harshly. "It's bad enough seeing her face all over town, but to actually see her?!"

Miku pretends to not hear him. "Konichiwa!" She chirps, bowing slightly. "Did your little one do something wrong?"

Vernon adopted a sour look. "...Yes." He said in a tone Miku strongly disliked. "He did something very, VERY wrong, and he will receive the PROPER punishment for it." Miku looked at Harry...and saw the utterly broken look in his eyes...

Hmm... Miku decided that she didn't like this Englishman. She follows them into the elevator. "Oh look, we're on the same floor!"

Vernon scowled. "Well, I hope you don't rehearse your songs in that room of yours. That'll disturb the other occupants."

"Oh I uh...have a soundproof studio..." Miku finished meekly. As soon as the elevator stopped at their floor, she left as quickly as she could. Before she entered her room, however, she did steal one last glance back at the tiny dark-haired child with the adorable green eyes and the glasses... Poor child... I hope the walrus isn't as mean to him as he was to me. She giggled as she made the comparison using a walrus. Slightly cheered up, she began working on her next song. However, she did find herself distracted by thoughts of the little boy. Something just didn't seem right to her...For one, while the other boy that was there was...well, he was certainly eating well, the boy in her mind was practically anorexic. Plus, while the pudgy boy had brand

new clothes that fit him perfectly, the skinnier boy was wearing an old tattered oversized t-shirt that covered his entire body...

Maybe a little eavesdropping couldn't hurt... She leaned up against the adjoining wall and adjusted some dials on her headset. What she heard horrified her.

"STEALING OUR DUDLEY'S FOOD, ARE YOU, FREAK?! WHAT DID I TELL YOU?! THAT IS NOT FREAK FOOD! FREAKS GET BREAD EVERY TWO WEEKS, AND STEALING FROM NORMAL PEOPLE LOSES THEM THAT PRIVILEGE! AND WE CAN'T FORGET THE OTHER HALF OF THE PUNISHMENT, NOW, CAN WE?!"

She could barely make out a soft whimper of fear, pain, despair and defeat, all clearly conveyed in one simple noise...

The monster! Without thinking, she runs out the door and knocks on Vernon's door.

The sounds on the other side stopped abruptly. She heard a much quieter "Get under the bed, freak" and the sound of something hard impacting with flesh before the door opened.

"What?" Vernon said irritably.

Acting as if she hadn't heard a thing, she smiled sweetly. "Hi there, I was wondering if I could speak to the young boy that you had with you. The one with the glasses?" She mimed having glasses. "I just wanted to see if he heard any if my music." Unbeknown to Vernon, she was currently listening for the small child. What she picked up from under the bed, however, was the sound of the cute little boy audibly struggling to keep his pained, miserable sobbing at bay.

"Move." She glared at the fat walrus in front of her.

"Excuse me? I most certainly will not!" Vernon made to block the Vocaloid, but received a very painful stomp on the foot because of it.

"Argh! You little!" He made to grab her, but missed as she ducked under him and into the room. "GET OUT OF HERE! DO YOU HEAR ME?! I SAID OUT, OUT, OUT! I'LL CALL SECURITY!" Miku still made no move to leave. Instead, she got down on her stomach and peeked under the bed where the child was hidden...

"Oh dear Buddha... What happened to you?!" Her eyes widened as she saw some of the more recent abuse from Vernon. She saw burns, puncture wounds, bruises, and even a bit of bone sticking out if his arm. She tentatively reached out to him, only to be dragged away by an infuriated Vernon."NOOOOOOO! LET ME GO, I NEED TO GET TO HIM!" She screamed, flailing her limbs around. Vernon was most unfortunate, as the wild flailing of her legs ended with her accidentally nailing him in the crotch with a kick.

"Urk!" The fat man wheezed and collapsed to the ground as Miku scrambled to reach Harry. Quickly, she scurried under the bed with him. "Are you ok? Oh my god what did the walrus do to you?" Before he could react, she had already swept him up and was on her feet. She looked over at Vernon, eyes narrowed dangerously as she held the little boy in a tight, protective embrace. She had a few choice words for him...

Covering the poor child's ears so he wouldn't hear any possible bad language, "You miserable excuse for a human being! I can't believe a monster like you would be allowed anywhere near an adorable child like this!" The more she yelled, the louder she got, as she was unconsciously amplifying her voice. "YOU'RE EVIL! LOOK AT THIS! LOOK AT HOW BADLY YOU HURT HIM! THIS IS HORRIBLE! YOU CAN SEE HIS BONES! HIS BONES! DO YOU THINK IT'S FUN TO HURT A LITTLE BOY LIKE THIS?! HUH?! DO YOU?!" Eventually, her voice became so loud that, neighbors began to call the police. Unfortunately, Miku was just getting started. Setting the child on the bed, she turned to Vernon with look of pure murder. With an inhuman cry of fury, she threw herself at him. She began slapping him across the face as hard as she could, viciously and relentlessly, nonstop, the sounds reverberating throughout the room. Unfortunately for

Vernon, Miku was a Vocaloid, and her strength was amplified, especially due to her rage. Without warning, she cocked back ,and let fly a devastating blow.

Vernon was now entirely unconscious, blood leaking from his nose, his face battered black and blue. Miku panted heavily, then rose to her feet and dusted off her skirt. For the first time, she noticed the destruction her ultrasonic voice caused. "Eep!" Then she paused. "Hey. Where did the kid go?"She heard the soft sound of whimpering and crying from under the bed, and realized that she had frightened him. Oh..." She got down on her hands and knees. "Hi there. I'm Miku. What's your name?" She gently coaxed him out of under the bed and hugged him. Careful to not touch his many injuries.

Harry flinched when she touched him, and weakly, but uselessly, tried to squirm out of her grasp. He didn't want to hurt anymore...He hated being hurt...

Tears began to flow, but he tried to hold them back. He didn't want to risk angering the woman holding him, lest she get angry and lash out...

"Uh...um... Please don't be afraid uh..." Frantically, Miku tried to calm the child down. Then a light bulb hit: sing! She began a soft lullaby in Japanese. Harry blinked when the soothing melody of the song reached his ears. The song calmed him...He looked up into Miku's eyes, and saw no trace of malice or hatred directed at him. She was giving him a gaze of pure, unadulterated compassion. "There we go. Now will you tell me your name?" She smiled and shifted him to a more comfortable position.

Harry sniffled slightly. "M-My n-name is H-Harry, m-miss..." He said, an audible quake in his voice. Miku could just tell he was trying so hard not to cry...

"Shh...its OK, the walrus man won't hurt you anymore." She holds him close and rocks back and forth.

The little boy sniffled, and let out a strangled sob. "It...It hurts...It hurts so much..."

"Its OK, I'm going to get you to the hospital and we'll sort this out." She made to get up, but was struck by an excruciating pain in her back. Collapsing, she curled around Harry in order to defend him from the blows being rained down by petunia wielding a frying pan. " You come into my hotel room and attack my husband and you think I'm going to let you get away with it?!" Each word was punctuated by a blow from the pan.

Harry was horrified. The pretty nice lady that had protected him was being attacked! This was wrong...She was too nice for this! She wasn't a freak like he was!

"STOP IT!" Harry let out a scream...and Petunia was launched back into the wall hard enough to leave a visible crack, knocking her unconscious.

Eep!" What was that? Who cares! Move move move! Miku staggered to her feet, practically dragging her left leg, and carried Harry out the door. Little warning signs were popping up in her vision, warning of an imminent shutdown. She ignored them. She had to get Harry to safety. The sounds of sirens outside caught her ears, and she smiled softly with relief. "You're safe now..." She whispered to Harry. "You're gonna be okay..." The cops get out if the car. "Hey, is that Hatsune Miku? Holy crap what happened to her." Miku staggered up to them, breathing heavily. "Ambulance. Please! This boy needs help!" The officers quickly got to work, helping Harry and Miku into an ambulance. As soon as they made it in, Miku's vision flickered and went to greyscale.

Harry was still being held tightly by her, and he noticed her lack of movement. He blinked, and looked over at her...

The doctor quickly realized what Harry was looking at, "Hey, don't worry buddy she's just shutting down for some quick repairs. I think."

"...Wh-Who is she...?"

The doctor smiled. "She is Hatsune Miku. But she just goes by Miku."While Harry was distracted, the doctor quickly looked him over to see what had happened to him. He looked on in horror as year after year of abuse was revealed. 'Dear lord, what did they do to him?' The doctor glanced at Miku with a frown. He knew how big her heart was...When she found out how long it had been going on, it would absolutely destroy her...

Miku woke up as the reached the hospital. Her circuits seemed to be functioning properly, but the joint in her knee was dislocated and her arm seemed to bend at a funny angle. "Oh bother, it appears that my arm is damaged."

The doctor glanced up from Harry and grimaced at the sight. "Yeah, we're going to have to set that."

Miku saw the swaths of bandages covering Harry's frail frame and gasped. "What happened? Is he going to be alright?"

The doctor sighed. "Miss Miku, there's no easy way for me to explain the extent of his injuries to you...He is covered in third degree burns on approximately 80% of his body. There are multiple second and first degree burns on small patches of his wounds dot his back and arms. He is suffering from acute malnutrition, and he appears to have had multiple compound fractures in his arms legs and ribs. And...I really hate to tell you this, but...this has clearly been going on for at least three years."

Miku froze as she attempted to process what the doctor said. "T-three years? That walrus and horse have been doing this to him for three years!?" Her voice grew progressively higher as she spoke, causing a few windows to crack.

"Miss Miku, please calm down..."

"THREE YEARS!" Miku shouted. "HOW CAN PEOPLE THAT EVIL EVEN EXIST?! HOW OLD IS HE, ANYWAY?! HE STILL LOOKS LIKE HE'S THREE!"

"He's five miss. Malnutrition has stunted his growth. He should be able to grow out of it."

"HE'S FIVE YEARS OLD AND LIVING THROUGH THIS? HE IS NEVER GOING TO THAT HELLHOLE OF A HOME EVER AGAIN!" Miku clapped her hand over her mouth. "I...I'm sorry..."

"...Don't be sorry, Miss Hatsune. Your outrage is understandable. I'm disgusted by it myself, and I assure you, the ones who did this to him are serving the time they deserve."

"Wait a moment. That means that he doesn't have a place to live, right?" Miku's mind was now in overdrive, making her almost vibrate with energy.

"Well...Yes, that is true..."

"I need to make a phone call." Miku streaked to the nearest phone and dialed Luka's number.

A soft, English voice answered. "Hello?"

Hey Luka, it's Miku. I have a question... How do I adopt a little English boy?"

There was silence as Luka tried to understand what Miku just said to her. "You want to adopt a..."

"Little English boy. He was being abused by his guardians and now has no home."

"...Miku...Listen, I know your heart is in the right place, but adopting a child is a big responsibility..."

"I know, that's why I'm talking to you instead of Mieko! I found him beaten and traumatized under a bed where a human walrus threw him. Once I got it at Mr walrus, I was able to calm him down by singing to him. Then Mrs horse attacked me with a frying pan and damaged me a bit before the police arrived."

There was a long, awkward silence on the other end of the phone. "...Can you explain that in a way that makes sense please?"

Miku grimaced, "a man resembling a walrus and a woman resembling a horse were abusing a five year old boy. I rescued him, but ended up with joint damage in my right knee and a broken left arm."

"I see...But...Are you certain you wish to adopt him?"

She nodded quickly. "I've never been more certain of anything in my life. Please help me Luka-Senpai!" Miku couldn't see it, but Luka was smiling warmly on the other end of the line.

"Alright, I'll see what I can do."

"Yay! Thank you so much Luka! Ohh I wish you could see him! He's so kawaii!" The Japanese Vocaloid thanked Luka again and again until the doctor came up. "Oh! The doctor's here, I need to go!" She hung up quickly and turned to the doctor. "Is he OK?"

"He just woke up, Miss Hatsune. He wanted to see you."

"Take me to him, now!" The doctor smiled and led the way.

Once in the room, Miku scooped Harry up in her good arm and held him close. "Konichiwa, sweetie!" She greeted with a closed-eyed smile. "How are you?"

"I- I'm okay Miss Miku."

Miku blinked in surprise. "Oh! You know my name! But...I don't know yours! What's your name, honey?"

"H-Harry..." The boy looked around confusedly and asked, "Why am I here? I thought freaks weren't allowed to go to the doctor."

Miku's eyes widened, "What do you mean? I don't think you're a freak."

"But...Uncle Vernon said I'm a freak..."

"Oh, so that's his name! Well, he was wrong, and he can never hurt you again. In fact, I think it was he who was the freak. I mean, for a second there I thought he was a walrus with legs! Besides...Anyone who's willing to hurt a little cutie like you CAN'T be normal." She held Harry close. Miku looked down in surprise as she felt the tiny boy shaking. He seemed to be trying not to cry, but could be seen sobbing. Albeit without letting a single tear fall. "Hey, it's okay! No one can hurt you anymore. I won't let them." Harry couldn't take it. This woman's kindness was just too much. He buried his face into her chest...

Miku suddenly felt her shirt dampening...

Miku almost started to panic. He was crying! What did she do now? Uncertainly, she shifted her grip on him and began slowly stroking the back of his head. "Shh... It's okay... Let it all out..." After a few seconds of silence, she began to sing softly. Harry wanted to stop crying, really he did...But at the moment, it just felt so good to let it all out...He was certain he was going to pay for it later down the line...But it was worth it in his eyes.

Miku was officially freaking out. The soft song wasn't doing anything to help, and she didn't have many children's songs in her database. Oh! Let's try this! "Hey don't cry too much, otherwise you won't have tears for the good things in life. Like leeks!"

"I...I can't stop..." He sobbed. "I want to, but I can't...I'm sorry, I can't...I..." His words were lost in his sobbing.

Hmmm... Wait a moment, what was that song Luka made? Lillieum? Miku quickly searched her music memory and found the Englishwoman's favorite song. Softly, but soothingly she began, "/Os iusti meditabitur sapientiam, Et lingua eius loquetur indicium.../" Gradually, Harry's crying began to cease, devolving into soft, barely audible sobs. When his crying stops completely, Miku finishes the song and looks down at him. "All better?" Harry sniffled and looked up at her, adoration in his eyes. "Ah! You're so kawaii!" She snuggled up close to him and almost squealed in excitement. "Oh, wait! Harry, how would you like to live with me?" Harry's eyes widened, and he stared up at her in shock, stunned that she wanted him.

"Wh- why would you want someone like me?"

Miku smiled, "Why would anyone not want someone like you? You're so kawaii!"

Harry tilted his head. "What's a 'kawaii?'

"Oh right! You're English! Well, kawaii means cute, or in your case, very cute!" The Vocaloid giggled an poked his nose.

Harry blushed. "But...I'm ugly...Not cute..."

"Did that mean walrus man tell you this?" Harry nodded hesitantly. "Well, he was wrong." Miku paused, "Actually, I'm kinda glad that Rin isn't here, she might smother you with hugs."

Harry blushed. "So...You really think I'm cute..." He finally might have something to like about himself...

"Absolutely! Now, we just have to wait for my arm and leg to get fixed, and then we can go. I think... " Harry snuggled into her embrace and rested his head on her chest.

Miku smiled and hummed lillium under her breath, and pretty soon the boy was fast asleep. She gently set Harry down on the bed as the doctor came in. "Miss Hatsune? We need to get your arm set

and your knee put back in place." Miku nodded, then leaned down and gently gave Harry a kiss on the cheek.

"I will be right back my little leek." She turned to the doctor, "Okay, let's do this. I want to be able to hold Harry with both hands."

And so...

Miku grinned and raised her newly fixed arm. "Good as new! Now, time to figure out how to keep Harry. Quickly, she found phone and called Luka again. "Hey Luka! Did you find out anything concerning Harry?"

"Actually Miku, you may have to come here."

Miku frowned. "Huh? What do you mean? What's going on?"

"Well... I've asked around, and they can't find any records of him. Officially, he doesn't exist!"

Miku gasped softly. "So...nobody knows about him...?"

"Unfortunately, no. However, the people here say they can sort it out. You just need to bring him here first."

Miku sighed. "Okay...I can do that...Now...I'll be there as soon as I can...But I really wanna go and hold him right now."

"Okay, I understand. I'll see you in London."

Miku almost dropped the phone as she raced down the hall, eager to get back to Harry. She peeked in the room to see him still sleeping cutely.

She quietly snuck inside the room and sat down next to the bed. 'He is just too cute! I hope the English can sort out whatever happened. I can't stand the thought of him going to someone who might treat him the same way as those monsters.' She tentatively reached out and began to softly stroke the sleeping child's head. He looked so

peaceful in his- nightmare? Miku noticed a look of distress cross his face, and quickly realized that he was having a bad dream. She glance furtively out the door before slowly climbing into the bed and picking up the child. She rested his head on her shoulder and softly sang in his ear. Slowly, his nightmare subsided and a look of peace spread over his face. Not wanting to wake him, she decided to stay like that until he woke up. Pretty soon however, her eyes began drooping, and she drifted into a soft slumber.

Before she slept, she whispered something softly into his ear.

"I love you..."

A few minutes later, the doctor came in the room to check on Harry. "Okay Mr. Potter I..." He froze as he saw the quiet scene laid out before him. He smiled softly. "...Perhaps I'd best leave them to it."

Chapter 2

Miku slowly woke up. /What time is it?/ She looked around slowly, and then at Harry as she felt him stir. "Good morning sleepyhead." Harry blinked as he awakened, then yawned softly. Miku smiled, "Hey Harry? I have a friend in England who's going to help me keep you. Are you okay with plane travel?"

Harry tilted his head. "I...I don't really know what it's like..."

Miku's eyes widened, "Oh, just you wait. It's one of the funniest things there is! Wait... How did you get here anyway?"

"U-Uncle Vernon knocked me out and put me in a suitcase...It was too dark to see what was happening..." The temperature in the room dropped dramatically and Miku could be heard muttering darkly in Japanese. Harry flinched at the expression on her face, thinking she was angry with him.

Miku noticed the movement and rushed to reassure him, "Don't worry dear. I'm not mad at you, just a walrus and a horse."

"A walrus and a horse? You don't like walruses and horses?"

"Oh! Not at all, it's just that your aunt and uncle resembled them closely." Especially your aunt and the horse." She giggled as she made the comparison in her blinked, and let out a soft giggle himself. His aunt DID kind of resemble a horse...Miku smiled broadly when she heard him laugh. "You know what? I like it when you're happy."

Harry blinked. "Oh...Okay. I'll try to be happy more often...For you."

She hugged him closely. "Now, we need to find the first plane to London. I just hope we can get this sorted out."Harry hugged her back, and rested his head on her shoulder as he was scooped up.

They quickly checked out of the hospital and headed for the airport. Along the way, Miku saw the headlines for that day. "FAMILY FOUND GUILTY OF CHILD ABUSE: SENTENCE IS PENDING" This caused Miku to smirk in satisfaction. "They're getting what they deserve, honey." She said softly in Harry's ear. "Don't you worry." Harry nodded, unsure what she meant, but happy to be away from the Dursley's. The rest of the trip went by smoothly, and the were soon at boarding for a overnight trip to London Heathrow.

Once they were on the plane and it had taken off, Harry found himself staring awestruck out the window, admiring the sights below.

Miku smiled at the boy and his reaction to flying. He seemed to have endless wonder of the world around him.

She placed a hand on his shoulder. "Are you having fun?" She asked, eyes closed and head tilted, smiling brightly.

Harry flinched for a moment, before realizing that it was only Miku. He nodded, "Yes Miss Hatsune." Unfortunately, his words started a wave of whispers across the plane. Miku blinked and looked around at the other occupants of the plane.

"Is that Hatsune Miku?... No way, it can't be. ...But look! She has the headset and the everything!" Soon , the entire plane knew that the famous Vocaloid was flying to London.

Miku sighed. "I hope they don't bug us..." She mumbled.

'good evening, this is your captain speaking. As many of youay have noticed, we have a special guest on board. However, I will have to ask you to remain in your seat. Thank you.'

"THANK YOU!" Miku called out to the captain, hoping he'd hear her.

'just doing my job miss.' There was a buzz of conflversation for the next hour or so, but eventually it died down as everyone settled in for the night.

Miku sighed softly and turned her attention to Harry. "Let's see if we can't get some sleep. A friend of mine will be waiting for us in London." She paused for a moment, "Harry, how rainy is it in London?"

Harry looked down. "I...I was working in the rain a lot when Aunt Petunia wanted me to garden..."

"Well, I have a black thumb, so you never have to worry about that again." Miku smiled and wrapped Harry up in a blanket. "Sleep tight my little leek." Harry smiled softly and snuggled into the warmth of the blanket. Miku watched as the small boy fell asleep and smiled, before settling in herself. /London, here we come.../

Chapter 3

A certain wizard was flummoxed. Where on earth could the boy be? The tracing charm he had place on him had traveled far out of his range, causing him to lose Harry Potter. This was indeed a predicament... "I suppose we should look for him..."

"I do hope he's all right..."

The London sun could find no purchase the morning of Miku and Harry's arrival. In fact, it seemed to be rain, rain... And more rain. "Geez... I thought the rainforests were all in the south," grumbled Miku as she quickly maneuvered Harry and herself to a waving Luka. Miku's sour frown almost instantaneously broke into a smile as she rushed forward to greet her friend. "Konichiwa Luka-sama!" She grinned and looked down at Harry. "Harry, this is Luka, the one wanted to help us."

Harry shyly looked at the pink haired woman. "Hi, Miss Luka..." He said softly.

Luka crouched down, "Well, you are a cutie!" She smiled and ruffled his hair. "Let's go see if we can't get this sorted out so Miku can keep you." Harry smiled softly as her fingers went through his hair.

Luka stood up and looked Miku in the eye, "we need to get to the adoption agency. They are waiting to register Harry into their system."Miku grinned eagerly and squealed with delight. "Harry's gonna be my little baby!" She began to step outside.

"Miku wait!" Luka cringed as a car flew past and hit a puddle, sending a wave of water on the poor Vocaloid.

Miku coughed and sputtered. "NOOOOOOOOOOOOO!"

Luka giggled at the younger Vocaloid's predicament. "Welcome to London dearie."

"I hate it." Miku pouted.

"Oh come off it, you haven't even had the fish and chips!" The got into Luka's car. "Tell you what, when we get out of the agency, I'll take us to get some. My treat."

Miku smiled. "Yaaaaaaay!"

Poor Harry was being confused by the bombardment of new sights and sounds. Uncle Vernon never let him go to London. In fact the furthest from the house he had been on his own, was the local supermarket. He shuddered at the memory of that. It was a scary feeling going to the supermarket alone...So many people towering over his tiny form...

Miku noticed his discomfort, "Harry, sweetie? Is everything okay?"

Harry snapped out of his flashback with a small start. "Oh uh... Y-yes miss Miku."

Miku frowned and held him close. "Are you sure? You know you can tell me anything, right?"

"I- I'm just not used to all this stuff."

The young boy shivered a bit and Luka looked at Miku worriedly. "How did you find him again?"

"Fatty McFatFat was beating him in a hotel room, and I stopped him and took him to the hospital." Miku explained.

Right... We are quite sure they we're English right?"

Miku nodded vigorously, "Positive! His accent was thicker than yours!"

Luka blinked. "Goodness...I do hope he's getting what he deserves."

Miku put on a fake British accent. "My sentiments exactly!" Unfortunately, she barely made it past three words before breaking down into giggling fits.

Luka looked unamused. "That was a terrible accent, Miku." She said flatly. Miku pouted.

"Harry liked my accent, right, Harry?" Harry's eyes darted back and forth like a frightened lizard, and he slowly nodded, clearly not meaning it, but not wanting to upset her. Miku giggled again and glanced at Luka. "At least I don't butcher my English like you do with Japanese!"

Luka frowned. "Well, I've gotten better..."

Without hesitating, Miku rattled off some rapid fire Japanese. /I'll believe that when I hear it Octopus!/

Luka scowled. "I'll be sure to splash you with another puddle before you leave."

Miku giggled nervously, and patted her still damp hair. "S-sorry Luka-san..."

"Too little too late. Watch your back."

Miku curled up into a little ball and held Harry close. "Luka-san is scary when she gets mad..." Harry simply enjoyed being cuddled and snuggled in closer to the young woman, smiling softly.

After a few minutes of driving, Luka pulled to a stop in front of a dull, brick building. "Well, here we are. Wool's Orphanage." Miku looked up uncertainly at the oddly forbidding place.

Um...Is it...really okay to get custody of him here...?"

"They are the only orphanage in London. We have no choice but to come here." Luka looked at Miku. "Besides, it's only the outside that looks bad. The inside is actually quite normal."

Miku looked unsure and cuddled Harry closer. "I dunno...It's spooky..."

"Oh, quit whining and get in here! You want to keep Harry right?" Luka walked inside, leaving Miku and Harry out on the front steps.

"Aw..." Miku pouted as she shivered and huggled Harry closer, clinging to him to both reassure him and herself.

Luka popped her head out. "Are you coming or what?" Miku gulped, and followed Luka into the creepy orphanage.

When Miku entered, she sighed in relief when she saw that it indeed did look normal on the inside.

She looked around and saw Luka talking to a kind looking woman. "Hello Mrs. Port, Miku just arrived today with Harry."

Mrs. Port looked over and saw Harry. Looking over her spectacles, she smiled and said with a Scottish accent, "Oh, he is a cute one! I can see why miss Hatsune would want him. Just follow me, and we'll get this all sorted out." Miku let out a short squeal of delight and moved after the woman as fast as her legs would carry her.

Mrs. Port sat behind her desk and began typing on her computer. "First things first, we need his name."

Miku looked down at Harry, "Harry, do you have a last name?"

Harry nodded nervously, "P-potter. Harry James Potter..."

Mrs Port smiled and entered the data in. "Good. Now we need a date of birth..."

Meanwhile...

An old man in gold robes and a flowing white beard rushed to his colleague's office. "Minerva! I found him! He's at Tom's old orphanage!"

Minerva frowned. "Is he safe? Why on Earth is he at an orphanage? Has something happened to the Dursleys?"

I have no clue, but we need to get over there now!" Dumbledore was frantic, almost hysterical in fact. His precious Boy-Who-Lived was in a place Voldemort had once called home! "I say we go in there under the pretense of wanting to adopt, and get him out of there."

"Of course, Albus." Minerva replied with a nod. "But...Are you sure? Just because Tom was there once, doesn't mean it's a naturally bad place."

"I know Tom, and he would have detection spells everywhere in that place." He extended his arm. "Shall we?" Minerva nodded and linked arms with the Headmaster, the two of them dissapearing with a loud crack."

Meanwhile, Mrs. Port had just finished the registry paperwork. "There we go, all done. Now we can get to work on getting you adopted!"

Miku smiled and almost squealed with excitement. "Let's do it now!" The matron smiled and pulled some papers from a drawer. As she handed them to Miku, there was a knick at the door. "Oh my. Now who could that be?" She excused herself and went to answer the door.

"Hello! Is a Mr. Harry Potter here?" An old man asked. "We would very much like to adopt him-"

The moment Miku heard those words, she was at the door.

"BACK OFF, OLD MAN, HE'S MINE!"

"Ahh... I am terribly sorry miss, but I don't think you are quite qualified to raise a child." Unknown to Miku, the old man was fingering a long ,polished stick.

Harry knew what was about to happen, and he looked at the old man in horror. "NO! GO AWAY! I DON'T WANT YOU! I WANT MISS MIKU!" He looked up at Miku. "MISS MIKU, PLEASE DON'T LET HIM TAKE ME AWAY!"

McGonagall narrowed her eyes at the display, then turned to Albus. "Put your wand away RIGHT NOW, Albus." She whispered harshly.

"We need that boy! He is the key to everything!" Albums hissed back. "Besides, I am just going to use an obliviate charm on them. Nothing harmful."

Hearing his plan, Minerva immediately shoved him away from the door, out of sight of the baffled people in the room.

"Albus, I will NOT allow you to do this to him!" Minerva hissed angrily. "How could you live with yourself if you took Harry away from a woman he clearly loves?!"

"He won't remember a thing either you know..."

Minerva's eyes widened as the full implications of Albus's statement hit her. Throwing caution to the wind, she yelled st him. "YOU WOULD USE A MEMORY MODIFIER ON A LUTTLE BOY? WHAT IN MERLIN'S NAME IS WRONG WITH YOU?!"

Albus opened his mouth to speak, but Minerva's plan was set in stone. She immediately whipped out her wand...

"OBLIVIATE!"

And just like that, every plan Albus Dumbledore had for Harry James Potter was erased from his memory.

Dumbledore's dazed eyes refocused. "Minerva? Why is your wand out? And what are we doing at Tom Riddle's old orphanage?"

Minerva sighed. "We were...just on a walk, Albus." She said, trying to keep the edge out of her voice. "That's all."

Albus glanced behind Minerva, "Oh dear. We have company." Standing in the doorway, were two stunned Vocaloids, a flabbergasted matron, and a confused Harry.

'...Oh my, did they see me...?' Minerva thought. The matron's eyes rolled up, and she hit the floor with a thud.

Dumbledore chuckled, "I believe that was a resounding yes. But what spell were you using?"

Oh, just a simple magic detector..."

Luka slowly edged her way in front of Miku and Harry. "Umm... Not to be rude, but what the bloddy hell was that?"

McGonagall looked at Dumbledore, who smiled and waved. He noticed Harry and smiled. "Ah! Harry, my boy! How long has it been?"

Harry his behind Miku. Did he know this man? Miku noticed, and glared at Dumbledore. "You stay away from Harry, or I'll-"

Luka cut her off. "Not now Miku. They still haven't answered my question. What the hell was that?"

Albus looked at Minerva worriedly, "Shouldn't we erase their memory of your magic?"

"...No. This young woman..." She gestured to Miku "Is adopting Harry."

Miku stuck out her chin. "That's right old man, and if you try anything funny I will personally kick your-" She froze as Luka glared at her.

"Correct me if I'm wrong," she said slowly, turning to the magi. "But did you just say magic?"

Minerva nodded her affirmation. "Indeed I did."

"That means that you are a witch and he is a wizard?"

"Correct. Is there a problem?"

"Not particularly, just trying to make sure I didn't go down the rabbit hole with Alice." Minerva chuckled.

"Wait...A witch? A wizard?" Miku asked. "Does that mean...magic?"

Luka facepalmed. "Miku, try to pay attention. We already confirmed they have magic. Get the leek out your arse and listen!"

Hey! I was talking to the old guy!" Miku glared at Albus. "How do you know Harry anyway?"

"What did I do?" Dumbledore protested. "Why are you so angry?"

"You're trying to take Harry away from me!" Miku picked Harry up and held him close.

I was?" Dumbledore blinked. "Minerva, what's going on?"

Minerva cursed inwardly. Now what? Ah... "We were just visiting this place Albus. You saw Harry and decided to get him away, but Tom must have had some sort of memory spell in place. That's why I had my wand out."

Albus nodded. "Well that was very wise of you, Minerva." He said.

Luka, who had put two and two together, looked at Minerva oddly before turning to Dumbledore. "Two questions. One, does this mean that Miku is allowed to keep Harry? And two, the way you reacted to us finding you two makes me believe there is some law against magic in front of humans." As she said this, she gestured to the unconscious Mrs. Port.

Dumbledore nodded. "Well of course. Why would I prevent the adoption of young Harry? And...well...Yes, that will be a bit of a problem..But it can be solved simply enough with a little memory

charm." Dumbledore drew his wand, unknowingly for the second time, and leveled it at the three of them.

Miku gulped, "This isn't going to hurt is it?"

"Oh no, I'm not going to use it on you. Since you're Harry's legal guardian now, it's only fair you should know. I'm simply using it on the orphanage owner." Dumbledore cast the memory modifier and a green light gently surrounded the unconscious woman. As it did so, Miku yelped and jumped back, her headset smoking slightly. Luka simply frowned ad tapped hers, as if some interference was coming through. The two magi looked at the girls with surprise and confusion.

"I dunno what's happening either!" Miku shrugged.

"Luka adjusted her headset and sighed. The last time this happened, "I was on Charing Cross... Except when I was there, I almost had to reboot and could barely make it back home. Same thing around this weird phonebooth over in Bloomsbury..."

"So...Magic's bad for us?" Miku asked.

Luka nodded hesitantly. "It looks like it." She turned to Minerva."What wod happen if say, an advanced computer was in an area with a lot of magic?"

Minerva blinked. "Um...I...don't know."

Dumbledore chuckled,"Quite simple actually. Said computer would become a very advanced ball of fire. Magic and Technology tend not to be compatible."

Luka nodded slowly, "Please refrain from doing magic around us. Especially around Miku. We are Vocaloids, essentially living music computers. I believe that I have developed a resistance to magic, being from what I assume to be a very magical city, but Miku is from Japan."

"Yeah, I don't wanna be fire." Miku squeaked.

Minerva and Dumbledore nodded, evidently confused, and looked at Mikh. Dumbledore smiled kindly, "I just thought of something that might make you very happy. When you are done here, come to Charing Cross. And don't worry about the magic. We can provide a sort of shield."

Miku tilted her head in confusion. "But...what'll make me happy there?"

Dumbledore chuckled, I will only say this. It involves your custody over Harry." With that, the pair of magi disappeared with a loud crack.

The Vocaloids stared at the empty space for a moment. "Could somebody tell me how I ended up on the floor? And what are you two staring at?" Miku and Luka slowly turned to the woman, utterly baffled.

Miku looked over at Luka, before deciding to deal with the strangeness later. "I think you fainted Mrs. Port."

"Must have seen a rat..." Miku mused.

Luka stifled a laugh, "ahem... Mrs. Port? Are there anymore papers that need to be filled out for Harry?"

Mrs. Port rose to her feet. "Only a few, dear...Come along now."

Miku almost squealed with excitement. She was going to get to keep Harry! Moving faster than she had ever done before, she flew through the remaining paperwork in record time.

Harry was hers. She was his mommy now.

Without warning, she picked Harry up and kissed the top of his head. "I am never going to let anyone take you from me, my little leek.

Mommy's gonna keep you with her forever and ever." Harry teared up and hugged her tightly, resting his head on her chest.

Miku continued to fawn over him until she heard Luka clearing her throat. "I believe we have an appointment with those two from earlier."

Miku pouted. "Lukaaaaa, you totally ruined the momeeeeent!"

She kept a composed face for about five seconds before breaking down in a fit of laughter. "Really Miku?I ruined the moment?"

"I was giving him cuddles!"

Luka just rolled her eyes, "Come on Leek-Brain. We need to go to Charing Cross."

Miku sighed. "Fine...Ready, Harry?" She set him down and stepped out into the London streets, only to be splashed by a passing car. "Not again!" She screeched. "I hate puddles!"

Luka giggled and got into the car. "Come on, get in." Miku climbed in with Harry, grumbling about London weather. "Oh cheer up Miku. We're off to see the wizard!"

Miku giggled. "Wizard of Oz! I like that movie!"

Luka became more serious. " Yeah, but this time it's literal."

Miku frowned. "Yeah...Ready, Harry?"

Though the car drive over was fairly short, Miku was practically bouncing out of her seat with impatience. Harry however, was very quiet.

Luka watched the two of them. /hmm... I'm starting to wonder who the real adult is./ "Alright, we're at the spot where I get the most interference. Anyone see the witch and wizard?"

Miku shook her head, occupied with watching a now soundly sleeping Harry. "Nuh-uh."

Luka smiled, I'll go look for them. You two stay here." Quickly, she left the car and started searching. Miku hummed contently as she cradled Harry in her arms.

Suddenly, the tiny boy's beautiful emerald green eyes opened to look up at her smiling face. "Hello sleepyhead. Luka went to go find those funny dressing people." She smiled. How are you felling?"

Harry looked at her with a sleepy smile. "I...I feel good, Miss Miku..."

Miku smiled, "That's good. Hey, once we're done here, you and I are going back to Japan! Then I'll take you home with me, and I'll give you lots of yummy food and sing you lullabies to help you sleep at night and I'll give you all the hugs and cuddles you could ever want."

Harry looked up at her in confusion. "But don't I have to stay in England? That's where the Durselys live."

Miku muttered darkly under her breath before saying, "nope! Your my little leek now. Those animals have no rights to you anymore." She kissed his tiny forehead. "You're MY little baby boy now." She cooed softly into his ear. "And I won't ever let anyone hurt you again, okay honey?"

Harry smiled at the contact. "O-okay miss Miku."

Miku giggled. "Please, at least call me Miku. Miss makes me sound old, like Luka."

"What was that Miku?"

"Oh, nothing!" Miku waved her hand dismissively. "Just talking to my baby!"

Rriigght... They are in the Leaky Cauldron." She pointed over at a run down establishment that appeared from nowhere. Too stunned to

say anything, Miku climbed out of the car and followed luka, carrying Harry protectively.

Across the street, a certain platinum blonde man with an arrogant air was watching them. "So the rumors are true... The boy who lived... Is here in London." There was a loud crack and the man vanished.

Miku looked around the bar, holding Harry close in case she needed to protect him from any rowdy bargoers. Luka walked up to the bartender, "where did the old man and woman go?" The bartender pointed out their table. Miku eyed Dumbledore suspiciously.

"Good, you made it. And it appears that our charm work was efficient in making you immune to your erm... Magic allergies... "

"I still don't trust you." Miku said, her lower lip sticking out in a pout.

"Dumbledore nodded, "I understand. Have a butterbeer." Miku snatched up the drink.

"Don't be rude, Miku." Luka chastised.

Hey, I haven't had anything to drink since the hospital!"

"What's butter beer anyway?"

Hmm... I believe the muggles have their cream soda. We have butterbeer. None of those chemical things in it."

"Ooooh! It's like cream soda? Yummy!" Miku took a sip of her drink.

Dumbledore chuckled, "Now, it is under my impression that you wish to raise Harry. Is this true?"

Miku pulled the bottle away from her mouth. "Yeah! He's mine!"

Well, I believe I know a way to make it more permanent than a few sheets of paper. "

Miku tilted her head in curiosity. "What do you mean?"

Dumbledore smiled, "We wizards have a special magic that can make Harry your blood relation."

Miku tilted her head. "But I don't have blood..."

Luka shifts uncomfortably. "Umm... Miku, about that... We technically have live blood flowing through our veins. Only certain portions, such as our brain, nervous system, and sensory areas are fully artificial."

"Really? Why don't I know this?" Miku asked.

"Because you don't pay attention." Luka replied.

Dumbledore laughed, "Well, that settles it. Do you wish to become Harry's biological guardian?"

Miku stared. "So I can be Harry'sa actual mommy?" She asked.

Correct. And don't worry about genetics. O think the goblins will actually add you to the Potter bloodline seeing as you have no latent magic."

"DOITDOITDOITDOITDOIT!"

Dumbledore smiled broadly and nodded, "Follow me then. Miss Luka, please follow us out."

Miku looked down at Harry. "Harry...Wanna be my son by blood?"

"Ummm y-yes please miss Mi-" he was stopped by a high pitched squeal of excitement as Miku picked him up and held him close.

"I promise I'll be the best mommy ever!" She covered his tiny face with kisses. Harry giggled and squirmed, happy to finally have a family. Miku's heart melted at the sound of his giggle.

Albus smiled and led them to the back of the LC. Tapping the correct brick, he spread his arms, "Welcome to Diagon Alley." Miku and Harry had no reaction to the grand display. Miku was too busy cooing over Harry and Harry was too busy giggling.

Luka however was awestruck. This had been in her city and she had never even suspected it. She tapped Miku's shoulder and pointed.

Miku pouted. "Don't interrupt me when I'm talking to my baby!"

"Um... I'm pretty sure that both of you want to see this." Miku notice the strain in her voice and looked up.

"What is i...iiiiiiiit..."

Dumbledore waited patiently for the gobsmacked group to snap out of it. Humming a cheery tune, he waved at passerbys."This is amazing..." Luka whispered.

"Yes, it is isn't it? Come along now, we need to get to gringotts."